

SELECT
HYMNS

FOR OUR

LORD'S RESURRECTION.

Charles Wesley

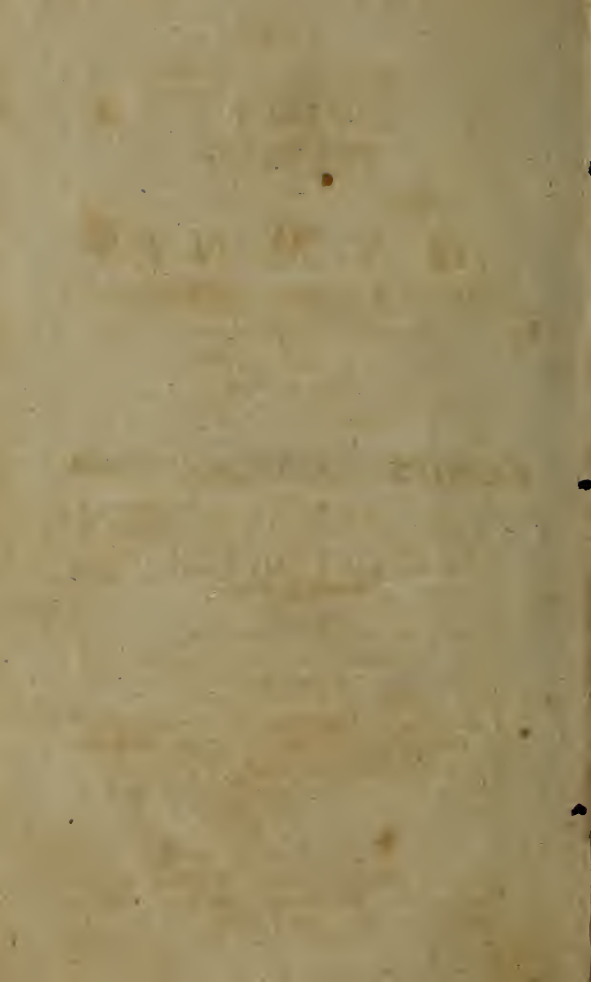


LONDON :

Printed at the Conference-Office; JOHN JONES, Agent.—
Sold by THO. BLANSHARD, City-Road ; also at
the Methodist Preaching-Houses in
Town or Country.

1809.

No. 17



HYMNS

FOR OUR

LORD'S RESURRECTION.



HYMN I.

- 1 **A**LL ye that seek the Lord who died,
Your God for sinners crucified,
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come,
To worship at his sacred tomb.
- 2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears ;
Come, and embalm him with your tears.
- 3 While thus ye love your souls to' employ,
Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy ;
Now, now, let all your grief be o'er !
Believe : and ye shall weep no more.
- 4 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock ;
The Lord hath sent his angel down,
And he hath rolled away the stone.

- 5 We now behold his garment white,
His countenance as lightning bright ;
He fits, and waves a flaming sword,
And waits upon his rising Lord.
- 6 The third auspicious morn is come,
And calls your Saviour from the tomb ;
The bands of death are torn away,
The yawning tomb gives back its prey.
- 7 Could neither seal nor stone secure,
Nor men, nor devils make it sure ?
The seal is broke, the stone cast by,
And all the powers of darkness fly.
- 8 The body breathes, and lifts his head,
The keepers sink, and fall as dead ;
The dead restor'd to life appear,
The living quake, and die for fear.
- 9 No power a band of soldiers have
To keep one body in its grave :
Surely it no dead body was,
That could the Roman eagles chase.
- 10 The Lord of life is risen indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead ;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiven,
And shews the living way to heaven.
- 11 Haste, then, ye souls that first believe,
Who dare the gospel-word receive ;
Your faith with joyful hearts confess,
Be bold, be Jesu's witnesses.
- 12 Go, tell the followers of your Lord,
Their Jesus is to life restor'd ;
He lives, that they his life may find :
He lives to quicken all mankind.

HYMN II.

1 **S**INNERS, dismiss your fear,
 The joyful tidings hear!
 This the word that Jesus said;
 O believe and feel it true:
 Christ is risen from the dead,
 Lives the Lord who died for you!

2 Haste, to his tomb repair,
 And see the tokens there;
 See the place where Jesus lay,
 Mark the burial clothes he wore,
 Angels near his relicks stay,
 Guards of him who dies no more.

3 Why then art thou cast down,
 Thou poor afflicted one?
 Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 Look into that open grave!
 Died he not to dry thy tears?
 Rose he not thy soul to save?

4 Know'st thou not where to find
 The Saviour of mankind?
 He hath borne himself away,
 He from death himself hath freed,
 He on the third glorious day,
 Rose triumphant from the dead.

5 To purge thy guilty stain
 He died and rose again:
 Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn?
 Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
 Turn thee, to thy Jesus turn,
 See thy loving Saviour nigh.

6 He comes his own to claim,
 He calls thee by thy name:

Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
 See him there to life restor'd !
Mary—know thy Saviour's voice,
 Hear it, and reply, *My Lord* !

HYMN III.

- 1 **H**APPY *Magdalen*, to whom
 Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd t' appear ?
 Newly risen from the tomb,
 Would he first be seen by her ?
 Her by seven devils posses'd,
 Till his word the fiends expell'd ;
 Quench'd the hell within her breast,
 All her sins and sickness heal'd.
- 2 Yes, to her the Master came,
 First his welcome voice she hears ;
 Jesus calls her by her name,
 He the weeping sinner cheers,
 Lets her the dear task repeat,
 While her eyes again run o'er,
 Lets her wash his bleeding feet,
 Kifs them, and with joy adore.
- 3 Highly favour'd soul ! to her
 Farther still his grace extends,
 Raises the glad messenger,
 Sends her to his drooping friends :
 Tidings of their living Lord,
 First in her report they find :
 She must spread the gospel-word,
 Teach the teachers of mankind.
- 4 Who can now presume to fear ?
 Who despair his Lord to see ?
 Jesus, wilt thou not appear,
 Shew thyself alive to me ?

Yes,

Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,
 Thou shalt all my sins remove ;
 Thou hast cast a legion out,
 Thou wilt perfect me in love.

5 Surely thou hast call'd me now !
 Now I hear the voice divine,
 At thy wounded feet I bow,
 Wounded for whose sins but mine ?
 I have nail'd him to the tree,
 I have sent him to the grave :
 But the Lord is risen for me,
 Hold of him by faith I have.

6 Here for ever would I lie,
 Didst thou not thy servant raise,
 Send me forth to testify
 All the wonders of thy grace.
 Lo ! I at thy bidding go,
 Gladly to thy followers tell,
 They their rising God may know,
 They the life of Christ may feel.

7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
 (Such he you vouchsafes to call)
 O believe the gospel-word,
 Christ hath died and rose for all :
 Turn ye from your sins to God,
 Haste to Galilee, and see
 Him, who bought thee with his blood,
 Him, who rose to live in thee.

HYMN IV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the rising Lord of all,
His love to man commends :
Poor worms he blushes not to call
His brethren and his friends.
- 2 Who basely all forfook their Lord
In his distress, and fled,
To them he sends the joyful word,
When risen from the dead.
- 3 Go, tell the vile deserters ! no :
My dearest brethren tell,
Their advocate to heaven I go,
To rescue them from hell.
- 4 Lo ! to my Father I ascend !
Your father now is he ;
My God, and your's, whoe'er depend
For endless life on me.
- 5 Henceforth I ever live above
For you to intercede ;
The merit of my dying love,
For all mankind to plead.
- 6 Sinners, I rose again to shew,
Your sins are all forgiven ;
And mount above the skies, that you
May follow me to heaven.

HYMN V.

- 1 **O**BJECT of all our knowledge here,
Our one desire, and hope below,
Jesus, the crucified, draw near,
And with thy sad disciples go ;
Our thoughts and words to thee are known,
We commune of thyself alone.
- 2 How can it be, our reason cries,
That God should leave his throne above ?
Is it for man th' Immortal dies ?
For man, who tramples on his love ?
For man, who nail'd him to the tree ?
O Love ! O God ! He died for me !
- 3 Why, then, if thou for me hast died,
Dost thou not yet thyself impart ?
We hop'd to feel thy blood applied,
To find thee risen in our heart,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd, through thee.
- 4 Have we not then believ'd in vain,
By Christ unsanctified, unfreed ?
In us he is not risen again :
We know not but he still is dead ;
No life, no righteousness we have,
Our hopes seem buried in his grave.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, if thou indeed art ours,
If thou for us hast burst the tomb,
Visit us with thy quick'ning powers,
Come to thy mournful followers, come,
Thyself to thy weak members join,
And fill us with the life divine.

- 6 Thee, the great prophet sent from God,
 Mighty in deed and word, we own ;
 Thou hast on some the grace bestow'd,
 Thy rising in their hearts made known ;
 They publish thee to life restor'd,
 Attesting they have seen the Lord.
- 7 Alas, for us, whose eyes are held !
 Why cannot we our Saviour see ?
 With us thou art, yet still conceal'd,
 O might we hear one word from thee !
 Speak, and our unbelief reprove,
 Our baseness to mistrust thy love.
- 8 Fools as we are, and slow of heart,
 So backward to believe the word !
 The prophets' only aim thou art :
 They sang the sufferings of their Lord,
 Thy life for ours a ransom given,
 Thy rising to ensure our heaven.
- 9 Ought not our Lord the death to die,
 And then the glorious life to live ?
 To stoop, and then go up on high ?
 The pain, and then the joy receive ?
 His blood the purchase-price lay down,
 Endure the cross, and claim the crown ?
- 10 Ought not the members all to pass
 The way their Head had pass'd before ?
 Through suffering perfected he was,
 The garment dipt in blood he wore,
 That we with him might die, and rise,
 And bear his nature to the skies !

HYMN VI.

- 1 **C**OME, then, thou prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter divine,
 Explain thine own transmitted word ;
 'To teach and to inspire is thine ;
 Thou only canst thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.
- 2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke,
 Concerning thee, O Christ, make known,
 Sole subject of the sacred book,
 Thou fillest all, and thou alone ;
 Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
 Unless thy Spirit lend the key.
- 3 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
 The folly of our darken'd heart,
 Unfold the wonders of thy love,
 The knowledge of thyself impart ;
 Our ear, our inmost soul we bow ;
 Speak, Lord ; thy servants hearken now.
- 4 Make not as thou wouldst farther go,
 Our friend, and counsellor, and guide,
 But stay, the path of life to shew,
 Still with our souls vouchsafe t' abide,
 Constrain'd by thy own mercy, stay,
 Nor leave us at our close of day.
- 5 Come in, with thy disciples sit,
 Nor suffer us to ask in vain ;
 Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,
 Our souls with heavenly bread sustain :
 Break to us now the mystic bread,
 And bid us on thy body feed.

- 6 Honour the means ordain'd by thee,
 The great unbloody sacrifice,
 The deep tremendous mystery :
 Thyself in our enlighten'd eyes,
 Now in the broken bread make known,
 And shew us thou art all our own.

HYMN VII.

By the Mystery of thy holy Incarnation ; by thy holy Nativity
 and Circumcision ; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation ;
 by thine Agony, and bloody Sweat ; by thy Cross, and
 Passion ; by thy precious Death, and Burial : by thy glorious
 Resurrection and Ascension ; and by the Coming of the Holy
 Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us. LITANY.

- 1 **J**ESU, shew us thy salvation,
 (In thy strength we strive with thee)
 By thy mystic incarnation,
 By thy pure nativity,
 Save us thou, our New Creator,
 Into all our souls impart,
 Thy divine unfinning nature,
 Form thyself within our heart.

- 2 By thy first blood-shedding heal us ;
 Cut us off from every sin,
 By thy circumcision seal us,
 Write thy law of love within ;
 By thy Spirit circumcise us ;
 Kindle in our hearts a flame ;
 By thy baptism now baptize us
 Into all thy glorious name.

- 3 By thy fasting and temptation,
 Mortify our vain desires,
 Take away what sense, or passion,
 Appetite, or flesh requires :
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Every tempted soul defend ;
 Save us in the fiery trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.
- 4 By thy forer suff'rings save us,
 Save us when conform'd to thee,
 By thy miseries relieve us ;
 By thy painful agony :
 When beneath thy frown we languish,
 When we feel thine anger's weight,
 Save us by thine unknown anguish,
 Save us by thy bloody sweat.
- 5 By that highest point of passion,
 By thy suff'rings on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation
 Due to all mankind, and me :
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest breath,
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.
- 6 From the world of care release us,
 By thy decent burial save,
 Crucified with thee, O Jesus,
 Hide us in thy quiet grave :
 By thy power divinely glorious,
 By thy resurrection's power,
 Raise us up o'er sin victorious,
 Raise us up to fall no more.
- 7 By the pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to heaven restor'd,
 Live in pleasures never ending,
 Share the portion of our Lord ;

Let us have our conversation,
 With the blessed spirits above ;
 Sav'd with all thy great salvation,
 Perfectly renew'd in love.

8 Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
 High enthron'd above all height,
 We have now through thee found favour,
 Righteous in thy Father's sight :
 Hears he not thy prayer unceasing ?
 Can he turn away thy face ?
 Send us down thy purchas'd blessing,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

9 By the coming of thy Spirit,
 As a mighty rushing wind,
 Save us into all thy merit,
 Into all thy spotless mind ;
 Let the perfect gift be given,
 Let thy will in us be seen,
 Done on earth as 'tis in heaven ;
 Lord, thy spirit cries, Amen !

HYMN VIII.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is king !
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
 'Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

HYMN IX.

1 **F**ATHER, God, we glorify
 Thy love to *Adam's* seed,
 Love that gave thy Son to die,
 And rais'd him from the dead,
 Him for our offences slain,
 That we all might pardon find ;
 Thou hast brought to life again,
 The Saviour of mankind.

2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty conqueror,
Thy people to redeem:
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast to sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to blefs,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unfpeakable,
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal;
Quickened with our living Lord,
Let us in thy Spirit rife,
Rife to all thy life reftor'd,
And thank thee in the fkyes:

HYMN X.

1 **O** Jefus, our King,
Thy glory we fing,
Thy rifing declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit fhare.
Thy conquest we feel,
O'er death and o'er hell,
Redeem'd from the grave,
We are bold to proclaim thee Almighty to fave.

2 We know that our head
Is rifen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And rais'd by the power of thy Spirit we live.
Thy Spirit attests
The truth in our breasts,
Thy witness imparts
The firft refurrection of faith in our hearts.

3 Thou

3 Thou' hast conquer'd beneath,
 The sharpness of death,
 Our souls to retrieve,
 And open the kingdom to all that believe.
 Believing on thee,
 We rise from the tree,
 And heavenward move,
 And fly to the throne on the wings of thy love.

4 Thy love that o'ercame
 Our sorrow and shame,
 And ransom'd our race,
 And sent thee to God to prepare us a place;
 Follow after, it cries,
 'To your place in the skies,
 By Immanuel led,
 Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your Head.

HYMN XI.

1 COME, ye that seek the Lord,
 Him that was crucify'd ;
 Come, listen to the gospel-word,
 And feel it now apply'd :

To every soul of man
 The joyful news we shew,
 Jesus, for every sinner slain,
 Is risen again for you.

2 The Lord is risen indeed,
 And did to us appear ;
 He hath been seen, our living head,
 By many a *Peter* here.

We, who so oft deny'd
 Our Master and our God,
 Have thrust our hand into his side,
 And felt the streaming blood.

3 Rais'd from the dead we are,
 The members with their Lord,
 And boldly in his name declare
 The soul-reviving word ;

Salvation we proclaim,
 Which every soul may find,
 Pardon and peace in Jesu's name,
 And life for all mankind.

4 O might they all receive
 The bleeding Prince of peace
 Sinners, the glad report believe
 Of Jesu's witnesses !

He lives, who spilt his blood ;
 (Believe our record true)
 The arm, the power, the Son of God,
 Shall be reveal'd in you.

HYMN XII.

1 **R**ISE, all who seek the crucified,
 The God that once for sinners died,
 With lifted voice and heart adore ;
 Chasing our griefs, and sins, and fears,
 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
 Appears to set in blood no more.

2 To death deliver'd in our stead,
 For us he rises from the dead,
 And life to all his members brings !
 He gives us, while he soars above,
 The dew of grace, the balm of love,
 And drops salvation from his wings.

3 This day the Scripture is fulfill'd,
 The Father now his Son has seal'd,
 And own'd him for his Son with power ;

God

God, from the belly of the earth
 Hath call'd him forth to second birth,
 Nor let the greedy deep devour.

- 4 Cast for our sins into the deep,
 His life hath sav'd the sinking ship,
 His life for ours a ransom given :
 But, lo! on the third joyful morn,
 Our *Jonas* does for us return,
 Emerging from his tomb to heaven.

HYMN XIII.

- 1 **B**REAK forth into praise !
 Our surety and head,
 His members to raise,
 Hath rose from the dead ;
 'The power of his Spirit
 Hath quicken'd our Lord,
 That we by his merit
 May all be restor'd.

- 2 Our Captain and King
 With shouts we proclaim,
 And joyfully sing
 The wonderful name ;
 The name all-victorious
 We publish and feel,
 Triumphantly glorious
 O'er sin, earth, and hell.

- 3 The power of his rise
 We know and declare,
 And rapt to the skies,
 His happiness share ;
 In heavenly places
 With Jesus we sit,
 And Jesus's praises
 With angels repeat.

- 4 We sing of his love,
 While sojourning here,
 Till Christ from above
 Our Saviour appear ;
 The heirs of salvation
 With triumph receive,
 In full consummation
 Of glory to live.

HYMN XIV.

- 1 **Y**E men of Israel, hear
 The words of truth and grace,
 Jesus did in the flesh appear
 To save a sinking race ;

A Man of God approv'd,
 By signs and wonders known,
 Jesus, the Father's well-belov'd,
 The co-eternal Son.

- 2 The Prince of life and peace,
 By heaven's supreme decree,
 Deliver'd up, ye dar'd to seize,
 And nail'd him to the tree ;

Taken by wicked hands,
 And crucify'd and slain ;
 But God hath loos'd the mortal bands,
 And rais'd him up again.

- 3 It was not possible
 That death should keep his prey ;
 God would not leave his soul in hell,
 Or let his flesh decay :

His flesh repos'd in hope
 Of the third joyful morn,
 And then the Father rais'd him up,
 And God again was born.

- 4 This Jesus is restor'd
To life and power divine ;
We all proclaim our living Lord,
And in his praises join :

We are his witnesses,
He is gone up on high,
Exalted to his native place,
He lives no more to die.

- 5 Again at God's right hand
Our Lord is call'd to sit,
Till all who now his sway withstand,
Are crush'd beneath his feet.

Be it to *Israel's* seed,
To every sinner known,
God hath perform'd his oath indeed,
Hath glorify'd his Son.

- 6 Sinners believe he dy'd,
And rose to buy your peace ;
Jesus, the Christ, the crucify'd,
'The Lord of life confess :

Repent in Jesu's name,
Believe, and be forgiven,
And take the Holy Ghost ye claim,
And rise with us to heaven.

HYMN XV.

- 1 **C**HRIST our living head, draw near,
At our call, Quicken all,
Thy true members here.

- 2 Fill'd with faith's eternal spirit,
Grant that we, dead with thee,
May thy life inherit.

- 3 All thy resurrection's power,
 All thy love, From above,
 On thy servants shower.
- 4 Perfect love ! we long t' attain it,
 Following fast, If at last
 We, even we, may gain it.
- 5 Partners of thy death and passion,
 O that we All might see,
 All thy great salvation.
- 6 Sav'd beyond the dread of falling,
 Let us rise, To the prize
 Of our glorious calling.
- 7 Children of the resurrection,
 Lead us on To the crown
 Of our full perfection.
- 8 There where thou art gone before us,
 Christ, our hope, Take us up,
 To thy heaven restore us.

HYMN XVI.

For Ascension Day.

- 1 **A**LL hail the true *Elijah*,
 The Lord our God and Saviour!
 Who leaves behind,
 For all mankind,
 The token of his favour.

The never-dying prophet,
 A while to mortals given,
 This solemn day
 Is rapt away -
 By flaming steeds to heaven.

2 Come, see the rising triumph,
 And prostrate fall before him :
 He mounts, he flies,
 Above the skies,
 Where all his hosts adore him.

Borne on his fiery chariot,
 With joyful acclamation
 Pursue the Lord,
 To heaven restor'd,
 The God of our salvation.

3 Who see the Lord at parting,
 They shall on earth inherit
 A double power;
 A larger shower
 Of his descending Spirit.

The Spirit of our Master
 Shall rest on each believer,
 And surely we
 Our Master see,
 Who lives and reigns for ever.

4 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
 By faith we now adore thee,
 And still we sit
 Before thy feet,
 And triumph in thy glory.

In vain the flaming chariot
 Hath parted us afunder ;
 We still, through grace,
 Behold thy face,
 And shout our loving wonder.

By faith we catch the mantle,
The cov'ring of his Spirit
By faith we wear,
And gladly share
Thine all-involving merit.

We rest beneath thy shadow,
Till by the whirlwind driven,
From earth we rise,
And mount the skies,
And grasp our Lord in heaven.

FINIS.